

A JUNE IDYL.  
BY  
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Gentle Spring when released from chill winter's embraces;  
Decks with mantle of green, the forest and hills,  
Clad in emerald robes the late desolate places;  
Refreshed by soft showers which heaven distils.

Then away o'er the landscape of nature's own dressing,  
There read in the angel-taught language of flowers.  
Mystic emblems, mementos, love's warm wish expressing,  
Then haste to the lesson in June's golden hours.

Zephyr swept, earth's soft carpet now in gorgeous array,  
Is garnished with blooms while the leaves for healing,  
Are strewn broad cast by nature-thickly set is the way  
With rose-fringed bowers, sweet blossoms revealing.

Thro' the coppice are bright plumaged warblers careering,  
In the shady dell, crystal fountains are seen,  
Now gleaming, swift gliding, and anon disappearing,  
In the low matted sedge, or meadows deep green.

Spring revives; summer gilds, autumn tinges with beauty,  
Earth's trappings, now burnished, to wile the lone hours.  
Should we ramble abroad; 'tis no onerous duty,  
To con the rare lessons midst fresh springing flowers.

Hasten then o'er the landscape so fair and inviting,  
Inhale the rich fragrance that floats on the breeze,  
While nature its beauties and charms are uniting,  
In June's golden splendor; that dazzles to please: